

From Big to Bursting

WARNING: contains safe bursting, lactation, and unwanted growth

“I look like a used-up dairy cow...”

Megan stared at her chest in her bathroom mirror. At one point in high school, she'd been a proud C-cup. Graduation arrived, and with it, a pair of Ds to fill out her gown. She hadn't been against the enhancement, but they were noticeably more in the way than the C-cups she'd loved until that point.

Then came college. Much like a goldfish, her breasts had seen fit to grow into whatever environment they found themselves in. Growth spurts came for her one after another as Megan's collegiate life progressed. By now, as she was weeks into her junior year, she found herself scowling at a pair of G-cup mammaries in her apartment bathroom.

These weren't her cute little high school C-cups, nor were they the bulky DDs she'd flaunted freshman year. These were heavy, back-ache-inducing, sagging udders. Megan hated the way they hung off her torso. They'd lost most of their roundness and perky excitement. Some days, she thought her chest looked as though it had endured the hungry mouths of several babies.

Lotion squirted into her hands and slapped onto her chest with a chill. From one of her favorite breast care companies, Cow Belle, the light-pink goo was meant to encourage elasticity and prevent stretch marks. It was a necessity at this point, as Megan saw no end in sight. Over the last few months, she'd been using twice the recommended dosage to combat the effects of so much development.

“Just... *stop fucking growing, already...* I miss having boobs!” She let them flop against her. “These are just flattened water balloons.”

Lotion rubbed in, she moved to wash her hands and begin her day. They didn't look so bad when supported by a shirt and bra, but clothes did nothing to hide her size. People saw her breasts before they saw her.

“I swear... I would have gotten a reduction by now if insurance weren't so-- *Nngh!*”

Heat flashed. Megan leaned on the sink and found herself out of breath. Weary, her reflection caught her attention.

“*W... What the...*”

There was a blushing redness to her breasts. Megan's breath caught as she watched them seem to puff and expand.

Strrrrtch

“*N-Nngh!*” A hand tenderly grabbed the side of her chest. It was hot to the touch and sensitive, reminiscent of some nights during puberty when they'd been sore. “*T-They feel... like they're...*”

Strrrrrrrtch!

She sucked air when her bust visibly swelled. Jiggling weight seemed to pour into her breasts, filling their sagging shapes until they rounded with fatness. Slowly, they rose on her chest with a firmness she hadn't felt in years.

"What's-- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!"

Her nipples came to attention, raising their focus from the ground toward the mirror. Horror gripped her as her mounds dwarfed her head and continued to plump. Swelling came for every inch of her front to push it larger.

"Stop! S-Stop! What are you-- Ahh!"

Underbellies bloating, Megan's breasts engorged within her hands until they resembled softened basketballs. They made G-cups look small as she wrestled for a way to contain them. Tension pulled at her neck and shoulders while Megan transformed into something she could only compare to an overgrown anime girl.

"No more! No more!! Ohhhh I said STOP GROWING!" She whimpered at the sea of flesh filling her arms. It jiggled and shifted with a mind of its own. *"I was big enough! I-I was fucking big enough as it was! These are--"*

STRRRRTCH!!!

Her eyes bulged upon feeling their underbellies inching down her abdomen.

"S-S-STOP! PLEASE, STOP GROWING!"

They didn't listen even as Megan felt her legs starting to buckle. The weight of two beach balls filled with water was becoming too much. She panted from the effort of staying upright, but it was a losing battle. There was no combating the incredible bosom widening her arms' embrace, especially as they still continued to expand.

STRRRRTCH!!

"Nngh! Haahhh-- Y-You have to stop... Nngh! Stop! This is too big! It's too BIG!" Her eyes looked in the mirror to see only a head and arms paired with a set of gargantuan tits. *"I-I look like a freak! I'm going to be a laughing stock at this-- GAH!"*

Her legs gave out. Megan stumbled and fell against the wall, slumping down as she failed to regain her balance. Flesh filled her lap and overflowed onto the bathroom floor, no matter how hard she tried to gather her assets into her hands.

"No more! This is too much! Too much! I'm gonna--"

Guuurrrgle

Megan squeaked, crying out and tensing when her breasts lurched. They were becoming hotter. Tightness flashed across them in a wave before concentrating on her nipples.

Guuurrrrrgle!

The sound came again, muffled and deep within her chest. Megan hardly dared to breathe as her mounds started to shift and moan. Something was moving through them, bringing forth a frightening pressure that made her skin tingle.

To her horror, their expansion accelerated. Flesh began piling against her torso and arms, overwhelming Megan's lap.

"No no no NO NOOO! Why?! WHY ARE YOU--"

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!

Cleavage pushed into her neck. She could smell sugary sweetness. Sinking her hands into its sides, Megan whimpered upon feeling something push back from their centers. Her chest wasn't just growing now; something was filling it.

Skin bulged between her fingers, spreading them open against its tightness. Megan yelped, feeling something hammer against the backs of her nipples. Her hands searched for them and found that while her areolas had been stretched wide and flat, her nipples had remained petite. They throbbed with pebble-like hardness as they slowly slid from her grasp and out of reach. When Megan retracted her arms, she found a thin coating of white fluid on her fingers. She stared at it, not wanting to believe what she saw.

"I-I-Is that mi--"

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!

"NNNGH!!"

Her breasts answered for her. Intense, creamy churning echoed through her bust. Cleavage shot higher, blocking her vision and forcing her to fight against her chest. It grew fast enough to slam into the sink. Makeup and toothbrushes rattled. From the edge, the tube of lotion fell and bounced across her chest. Megan grabbed it in desperation, having to wedge it between her face and cleavage to read by the vanishing light. Her face drained of color.

"W-Warning: excessive use may lead to swelling and/or induced lactation."

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!

"WHAT THE FUCK?!"

She threw the tube when the situation became clear. Pressure was rising and time was shrinking. Milk was building within her breasts. They were trying to grow and keep pace to contain it, but her dairy was winning. Skin couldn't stretch fast enough.

"S-Stop! You have to stop!! Before-- Aaahhh!"

Crreeeeaaaaaak

Wooden vanity cabinets groaned against her breasts. Weight squeezed the air from Megan's lungs as she was pinned between her chest and the floor. Space dwindled. With nowhere to grow but upward, Megan's mammaries began bulging and bloating toward the ceiling. Skin overflowed onto the sink and counter.

"Haaahhhh-- Haahhhh ohhhh God...! Why?! I was--" Megan squeaked in panic. Pressure ached behind her nipples with nowhere to go. She could feel them leaking, but their release was nothing compared to the ocean of cream building up inside of her. *"I was big enough!!"*

The bathroom light faded. Cleavage swallowed Megan, throwing her into darkness. Here, she could only listen to the deep shifting of fluid pushing her breasts ever larger.

“S-Some one...!” she yelled into her fleshy chasm, knowing none could hear. *“I’m getting... too full!! TOO BIG!! I-I-I THINK I’M GONNA POP!!”*

Skin trembled. Her breasts were losing their softness in favor of a tight, rubbery texture. Tensing firmness itched and sparked. Megan could feel stretch marks popping across her chest. Her nipples wanted to spray, but they’d swollen too much to do so. Both areolas had spread out to the size of manhole covers, now a pale pink compared to her previous brown hills.

“I-I can’t-- take it! They’re gonna--” Megan gasped for breath. Sweat turned her rumbling prison slippery. *“Ohhh God I don’t think I can get any biggerrrrr!”*

The upper half of the room had begun fighting back. Skin pressed against nearly every inch of the bathroom. Somewhere, the shower curtain was ripped from the wall as her chest invaded the bath. Even its extra space provided little relief.

CREEEAAAAAAAK

“Oh no-- No no no please no! I’m--” Megan clenched her toes. Every sudden pop and crack made her jolt. Dozens of nightmares were coming to life, and they all pressed against her cheek.

Splrrrrtch!

“MMNGH!!”

Dairy started to spray in thin geysers. Pressure had risen to the point of overpowering her swollen nipple ducts, but it wasn’t enough.

“Too full! Too... TIGHT!!”

Doming pressure pushed her areolas tall and conical. When they pressed into the ceiling, Megan knew the end was near.

GUURRRRGLE!

“Out of room! I’m out of room!! There’s no more...SPACE!!” Whether she meant the bathroom or her chest, it didn’t matter.

RRMMMMBBLLLL

Her chest firmed.

“C-Can’t... stretch... any more...!”

The ceiling blocked what meager leaking her nipples provided. Milk backed up with a monstrous roar.

RRMMMMBBBBBLLLL!!!

“Aahhh-- AAHHHHH-- I’m... M-My chest--” Megan clenched her eyes as tightness ignited across her front. Tension pulled around the edges of her areolas as if they were about to burst like corks. *“MY CHEST IS TOO FUCKING BI--”*

KABLOOOOMSH!!!

A stinging sensation flared over her skin like a giant hand smacking her breasts. Megan's words were swallowed by a sudden rush of heated milk. It swirled around the bathroom before the door blew open and flooded her apartment.

Megan settled on her back in the hallway as the milk drained away. Coughing and gagging, she sat up and stared at her milk-soaked chest. They were back to normal, if not fairly swollen and plumped. She took them in her hands as she caught her breath. There was a strange feeling of relief to see them back to her old size. Megan was surprised to hear herself laugh, although nervously. Shock hadn't worn off.

"Well... I-I guess things could always be worse..." She pursed her lips. Her heart still raced from the experience, and her skin still stung from its explosion. "G-cups aren't *that* big..."